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the complete system of ancient art was distinctly visible throughout its whole extent, and each single work is an application of its principles to a particular case. The spirit and system of ancient art, therefore, can be learned only by the most comprehensive survey of all its remaining monuments; but unless the spirit of the whole be clearly seen and distinctly comprehended, single works are little more than beautiful hieroglyphics torn from their proper connection, and unintelligible to unlearned eyes. And since the most comprehensive survey of the existing remains of antiquity must still be far from complete, the philosophy of art, grounded on the perception of its aims, must supply by theory and inference what is wanting to observation.

The style of a work of sculpture also most especially applies to its expression, as manifested in the air, attitude, and action of the figure. So far as it is physiognomical, it is determined by the character uniformly diffused over the whole form. In as far as it is pathognomical and mimetic, it is determined by the situation and that precise moment of the action of which it is designed to be the visible expression. In every work of sculpture, the expression, like the form, should be at once both individual and ideal. But this ideal-individual expression, like the ideal-individual form, is entirely the work of the life-giving artist, which breathes like a creative spirit over the chaos of the rude material, separates the merely accidental from each different kind of expression, and represents only that which is essential, important, and characteristic.

We must content ourselves here with having merely laid down the chief conditions of style, and the reasons for which we maintain that the modern sculptor can never deviate from the style of ancient art without detriment to the aim he has in view.

The individuality of antique sculpture, though drawn from nature herself, is never mere imitation of any actual existence, but a creation of the imaginative power, for which her individual forms supply no more than the groundwork. This creative power is the very foundation of sculpture, and of all genuine artistic genius; it is one of the rarest gifts of nature, without which no true originality, consequently no characteristic representation of an æsthetic idea, is possible. Even amongst the Greeks it was a rare endowment. Among the multitude of their sculptors, it was given but to few to represent the idea of a divinity or hero in such fulness and perfection, that the ideal-individual character was, as it were, entirely exhausted. When it was attained, it remained the permanent type for all representations of the same subject. That the ideals of the ancients were not mere assemblages of the beautiful parts of nature mechanically put together, but were organically created in the imagination of the artist, is proved by the pervading unity, the harmonious combination of all their parts into one living, meaning whole; and the expression of a uniform character diffused over every part.

It is worthy of especial remark, that the works of ancient sculpture invariably present a purely objective representation of the particular hero or divinity, without a single trace of any subjective admixture. If this be the pervading character of ancient art in general, it is most strikingly revealed to us in sculpture. Freed from every bias peculiar to those who created them, the works of ancient Greece stand before us in all their marked diversity of character—hence there breathes but one spirit through all the noble relics of ancient sculpture. The diversities which we perceive in them are but modifications of the same style. In the different steps of its development we never detect the particular manner of this or that school, or this or the other artist. Perhaps such differences of manner might have been observable while it was still possible to survey the entire field of ancient art, and compare all the works of the different schools and masters; but certainly they were so subordinated to style, that they were never allowed to prejudice the objective purity and character of the statue.

This æsthetic self-negation may have been more easy to ancient than it is to modern artists, since in them a more definite national character, the greater harmony and unity of their prospective and intellectual nature, and a more confined circle of ideas, induced a greater uniformity in the range of their conceptions. Imbued with a true and correct feeling for nature, the efforts of ancient art, even from the earliest period, were directed towards its real aim, and under the sure guidance of a genial understanding, thoroughly imbued with a love of the true and the beautiful, reached a height of perfection, to which, with all our academies, metaphysical theories, and æsthetics, it will never rise in our day again. It is a principle that has gained currency in modern times, that every artist leaves the impress of his character upon his works. The ancient artist was entirely lost sight of in his. In the present day it would not be difficult to collect the individual character of many of our artists from their productions. Among the ancients we rarely find even a trace of theirs. This is a speaking evidence of the severe and universal authority of the principles which guided them in practice, and of the judicious culture of their happy instinct for art. On the contrary, the obtrusive individuality of modern works, which frequently injures their objective character by its uniformity and its mannerism, is a melancholy proof that modern art still suffers from the want of any fixed system of rules; and modern artists from the want of a well grounded course of instruction in the fundamental principles of art.

There are but few exceptions to this general censure, and Raphael stands almost alone among the moderns, on the highest step of objectivity. But it may be asked, is then an artist to possess no distinctive character of his own? By all means, he is; but let him carefully distinguish that objective power which is the source of all true originality, from that subjective individuality which introduces a foreign element into any work of art. The former reveals itself in the power of forming new types of character, or placing those which previously existed in new situations. The latter can only display itself in mannerism, which must never be confounded with originality. Originality extends the domain of art, and enriches it with new forms—manner narrows it to an individual, and, therefore, imperfect mode of conception. True originality is self-dependent—mannerism is one-sided, and frequently a mere imitation of some peculiarity or another. The artist's talents may indeed be limited to some particular sphere of his art, but within this sphere his originality may unfold itself without hindrance. Genuine talent for art is a rare gift of nature, but the rarest of the rare is the all comprehensive spirit; and it has probably never been given to any single individual to compass with equal success the opposite poles of art—the sublime and impassioned, as well as the lovely and attractive. Nature has herself prescribed bounds to the flight of genius, beyond which it vainly yearns to soar—but within the prescribed limit the inborn power should be judiciously developed to its fullest extent. Despite these necessary limits, which are based on the various modifications of the æsthetic feeling, there still prevails in the most opposite spheres of art, but one and the same style, just all the modifications of the æsthetic feeling converge to the feeling of the beautiful as their common centre. In all, one and the same ideal is the common ground-work of the artistic ideal belonging to each several sphere which can differ, and to these the style itself must be strictly adapted in each individual instance without renouncing its ideal ground-work, which is essentially the same in the Jupiter and the Ganymede, in the Hercules and Apollo, in the Juno and the Venus.

(To be Continued.)

The oldest chorister at Vienna's Carl Theatre, who had for 30 years received but 18 to 20 florins a month, has recently inherited 20,000 florins and two mansions.

THE RIVAL COMPOSERS.

Fifteen years before the French Revolution, Paris was divided into two camps, each of which had its own special music. Gluck was declared by the partisans of the Italian to be severe, unmelodious and heavy; by his own friends he was considered profound, full of inspiration, and eminently dramatic. Piccini, on the other hand, was accused, by his enemies, of frivolity and insipidity, while his supporters maintained that his music touched the heart, and that it was not the province of the art to appeal to the intellect. Fundamentally, the dispute was that which still exists, as to the superiority of German or Italian music. Severe classicists continue to despise modern Italian composers as unintellectual, and the Italians will always sneer at the music of Germany as the "music of mathematics." Rossini, Donizetti, Bellini and Verdi have been denounced in succession by the critics of Germany, France, and England.

In the present century, which is above all an age of eclecticism, we find the natural descendants of Piccini going over to the Glucks, while the legitimate inheritors of Gluck abandon their succession to adopt the facile forms and somewhat unmeaning if melodious phrases of the Piccinists. Certainly there are no traces of the grand old German school in the light popular music of Herr Flotow, and on the other hand Signor Verdi in his emphatic moments quite belies his Italian origin; indeed, there are passages in several of this composer's operas which may be traced directly, not to Rossini, but to Meyerbeer.

All that remains now of the Gluck vs. Piccini contest is a number of anecdotes, which are amusing, as showing the height musical enthusiasm and musical prejudice had reached in Paris at an epoch when music and the arts generally were about the last things that should have occupied the French.

Gluck was left an orphan at a very early age. Fortunately he had made sufficient progress on the violoncello to obtain an engagement with a company of wandering musicians. Thus he contrived to exist until the troupe had wandered as far as Vienna, where his talent attracted the attention of a few sympathetic and generous men, who enabled him to complete his musical education in peace.

After studying harmony and counter-point, Gluck determined to leave the capital of Germany for Italy; for in those days no one was accounted a musician who had not derived a certain amount of his inspiration from Italian sources. After studying four years under the celebrated Martini, he felt that the time had come for him to produce a work of his own. His "Artaxerxes" was given at Milan with success; and this opera was followed by seven others, which were brought out either at Venice, Cremona, or Turin. Five years sufficed for Gluck to make an immense name in Italy. His reputation even extended to the other countries of Europe, and the offers he received from the English were sufficiently liberal to tempt the rising composer to pay a visit to London. Here, however, he had to contend with the genius and celebrity of Handel, compared with whom he was as yet but a composer of mediocrity. He returned to Vienna not very well pleased with his reception in England, and soon afterwards made his appearance once more in Italy, where he produced five other works, all of which were successful. Hitherto Gluck's style had been quite in ac-

cordance with the Italian taste, and the Italians did not think of reproaching him with any want of melody. On the contrary, they applauded his works as if they had been signed by one of their most esteemed masters. But if the Italians were satisfied with Gluck, Gluck was not satisfied with the Italians, and it was not until he had left Italy that he discovered his true vein, and "revolutionized" his style, as the French say.

Gluck was forty-six years of age when he brought out his "Alceste," and "Orpheus," by which it was followed, created a great sensation in Germany, and when the Chevalier Gluck composed a work "by command" in honor of the Emperor Joseph's marriage, it was played, not, perhaps, by the greatest artists in Germany, but certainly by the most distinguished, for the principal parts were distributed to four Arch-Duchesses and an Arch-Duke.

It so happened that at Vienna, attached to the French Embassy, lived a certain M. Du Rollet, who was in the habit of considering himself a poet. To him Gluck confided his project of visiting Paris and composing for the French stage. Du Rollet not only encouraged the musician in his intentions, but even promised him a libretto of his own writing. The libretto was no good—indeed what libretto is—except, perhaps, Scribe's libretti for the light operas of Auber. But it must be remembered that the *opera comique* is only a development of the vaudeville; and in the entire catalogue of serious operas, with the exception of a few by Romani, it is not easy to find any which, in a literary point of view, are not absurd. However, Du Rollet arranged, or disarranged, Racine's "Iphigénie" to suit the requirements of the lyric stage, and handed over the "book" to the Chevalier Gluck.

"Iphigenia in Aulis" was composed in less than a year; but to write an opera is one thing, to get it produced another. At that time the French opera was a close borough in the hands of half-a-dozen native composers. These gentlemen were not in the habit of positively refusing a chance to their foreign competitors, but they interposed all sorts of delays between the acceptance and the production of their works, and did their best generally to make them fail. However, the dauphiness, Marie Antoinette, had undertaken to introduce the great German composer to Paris, and she smoothed the way for him so effectually, that soon after his arrival in the French capital, "Iphigenia in Aulis" was accepted, and actually put into rehearsal.

Gluck now found a terrible and apparently insurmountable obstacle to his success in the ignorance and obstinacy of the orchestra. He was not the man to be satisfied with slovenly execution, and many and severe were the lessons he had to give the French musicians—in the course of almost as many rehearsals as Meyerbeer requires in the present day—before he felt justified in announcing his work as ready for representation. The young princess had requested the lieutenant of police to take the necessary precautions against disturbances, and she herself, accompanied by the Dauphin, the Count and Countess of Provence, the Duchesses of Chartres and of Bourbon, and the Princess de Lamballe, entered the theatre before the public were admitted. The ministers were present, and all the court, with the exception of the king (Louis XV.) and Madame du Barry. Sophie Arnould was the Iphigenia, and is said to have been admirable in the part.

The first night of "Iphigenia," Larivée, who

took the part of Agamemnon, actually abstained from singing through his nose! This is mentioned by the critics and memorialists of the time as something incredible and almost supernatural. It appears that Larivée, in spite of his nasal twang, was considered a very fine singer. The public of the pit used to applaud him, but they would also say, when he had just finished one of his airs:

"That nose has really a magnificent voice!"

The success of "Iphigenia" was prodigious. Marie Antoinette herself gave the signal of the applause, and it mattered little to the courtiers whether they understood Gluck's grand, simple music, or not. All they had to do, and all they did, was to follow the example of the dauphiness.

Never did poet, artist, or musician have a more enthusiastic patroness than Marie Antoinette. She not only encouraged Gluck herself, but visited with her severe displeasure all who ventured to treat him with disrespect. And it must be remembered that in those days a Grand Seigneur paid a great artist, or a great writer, just what amount of respect he thought fit. Thus one "Grand Seigneur" caned Voltaire, while another struck Beaumarchais, and after insulting him in the court of justice over which he presided, summoned him to leave the bench and come outside, that he might assassinate him.

The first person with whom Gluck came to an open rupture was the Prince d'Hennin. The chevalier, in spite of his despotic, unyielding nature, could not help giving way to the charming Sophie Arnould, who, with a caprice permitted to her alone, insisted on the rehearsals of "Orpheus" taking place in her own apartment. The orchestra was playing and Sophie Arnould was singing, when suddenly the door opened and in walked the Prince d'Hennin. This was not a grand rehearsal, and all the vocalists were seated.

"I believe," said the Grand Seigneur, addressing Sophie Arnould, in the middle of her air, "that it is the custom in France to rise when some one enters the room, especially if it be a person of some consideration."

Gluck leaped from his seat with rage, rushed towards the intruder with his eyes flashing fire, and said to him:

"The custom in Germany, sir, is to rise only for those whom we esteem."

Then, turning to Sophie, he added:

"I perceive, mademoiselle, that you are not mistress in your own house. I leave you, and shall never set foot here again."

When the story was told to Marie Antoinette she was indignant with the prince, and compelled him to make amends to the chevalier for the insult offered to him. The prince's pride must have suffered terribly, for he had to pay a visit to the composer, and to thank him for having assured him, in the plainest terms, that he looked upon him with the greatest contempt.

It now became the fashion to attend the rehearsals of "Orpheus," which took place once more in the theatre. On these occasions the doors were besieged long before the performance commenced, and numbers of persons were unable to gain admission. To see Gluck at a rehearsal was infinitely more interesting than to see him at one of the ordinary public representations. The composer had certain habits, and from these he would not depart for any one. Thus, on entering the orchestra, he would take his coat off, to conduct at his ease in his shirt sleeves. Then he would remove his wig and replace it by a cotton nightcap of the remotest fashion. When the

rehearsal was at an end, he had no necessity to trouble himself about the articles of dress that he had laid aside, for there was a general contest between the dukes and princes of the court as to who should hand them to him.

"Orpheus" is said to have been quite as successful as "Iphigenia." The thing, however, that makes us doubt the completeness of this success, in a musical point of view, is the recorded fact that "the ballet, especially, was very fine." The ballet is certainly not the first thing we think of in "Robert" or "William Tell." It appears that Gluck himself objected positively to the introduction of dancing into the opera of "Orpheus." He held, with evident reason that it would interfere with the seriousness and pathos of the general action, and would, in short, spoil the piece. He was overruled by Vestris, the *Dieu de la danse*. What could Gluck's opinion be worth in the eyes of that magnate, who held that there were only three great men in Europe—Voltaire, Frederick of Prussia and himself? No; Vestris was determined to have his "Chaconne," and he was as obstinate—indeed more obstinate, as the sequel showed—than Gluck himself.

"Write me the music of a 'chacone,' M. Gluck," said the god of dancing.

"A 'chacone,'" exclaimed the indignant composer. "Do you think the Greeks, whose manners we are endeavoring to depict, knew what a 'chacone' was?"

"Did they not, really!" replied the dancer, astonished at the information. And in a tone of compassion he added, "Then they are much to be pitied."

"Alceste," on its first production, did not meet with as much success as had been obtained by "Orpheus" and "Iphigenia." The piece itself was singularly uninteresting; and this was made the pretext for a host of epigrams, of which the sting fell not upon the author, but upon the composer. However, after a few representations, "Alceste" began to attract the public quite as much as the two previous works had done. Gluck's detractors were discomfited, and the theatre was filled every evening with his admirers. At this juncture the composer of "Alceste" was thrown into great distress by the death of his favorite niece. He left Paris, and his enemies, who had been unable to vanquish, now resolved to replace him.

We have said that Madame Du Barry did not honor the representation of Gluck's operas with her presence. It was, in fact, her who headed the opposition against him. She was mortified at not having some favorite musician of her own to patronize when the dauphiness had hers, and now resolved to send to Italy for Picini, in the hope that when Gluck returned he would find himself neglected for the already celebrated Italian composer. Baron de Breteuil, the French ambassador at Rome, was instructed to offer Picini an annual salary of 2,000 crowns if he would go to Paris and reside there. The Italian needed no pressing, for he was as anxious to visit the French capital as Gluck himself had been. Just then, however, Louis XV. died, by which the patroness of the German composer, instead of being only the dauphiness, became the Queen. Madame Du Barry's party hesitated about bringing over a composer to whom they fancied Marie Antoinette must be as hostile as they themselves were to Gluck. But the Marquis Caraccioli, the Neapolitan ambassador at the Court of France, had now taken the matter in hand, and from mere

excess of patriotism had determined that Piccini should make his appearance in Paris to destroy the reputation of the German at a single blow. As for Marie Antoinette, she not only did not think of opposing the Italian, but when he arrived received him most graciously, and showed him every possible kindness.

But the feud between the Gluckites and the Piccininites is too long for our columns. They have passed away with the great composers themselves, who have left behind them their glorious melodies as their epitaphs.

ART MATTERS.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

EAST ROOM.

No. 275. "Scene on Long Branch," by R. Swain Gifford, is a marked improvement upon any of the gentleman's former efforts, being strong in color and full of atmosphere, while the beach and in-coming waves are painted with great truth and effect.

In No. 276, "Twilight on Lake George," T. Addison Richards shows to greater advantage than of yore. Formerly the worthy Secretary's Academy pictures have been noticeable for their number rather than their quality, but in the present work there is real merit; the trees to the right being particularly well treated; the sky, however, is disagreeable and painty.

The same criticism may apply to 278, "Cliff Scene on Grand Maron Island Bay," by R. Swain Gifford, as given of the gentleman's other picture, No. 275. The sky in the present instance is exceedingly good, the cliffs, however, are lacking in texture, presenting an unpleasant effect of pulpiness. These two pictures do Mr. Gifford great credit and give promise of his becoming one of our best marine painters; he has evidently caught the spirit of the thing and needs but experience to make a great man of him.

J. R. Brevoort's "Shower in Harvest Time," No. 280, is marked by the gentleman's usual fidelity to nature. The effect of sunlight on the ripened grain is particularly pleasant.

No. 287. "Stolen Sweets," by S. J. Guy, is a negative picture, possessing great merits and great faults. The child is painted with delicacy and elaboration, the background and accessories are good, but the cow is atrociously bad, being hard in drawing and most disagreeably cold in color, presenting a cast iron appearance which utterly mars the whole effect of the picture. This is a great pity, as Mr. Guy has evidently worked upon his "Stolen Sweets" with considerable care and affection, and were it not for this unfortunate *lactifer* his efforts might have been crowned with unbounded success.

No. 298. "October Morning, Adirondacks," by J. A. Parker, is simply—colorless.

No. 302. "Near Littleton, N. H.," by D. Johnson is pleasant in tone but greatly marred by an unpleasant Sonntaggy hardness.

Here is J. G. Brown's clever little picture "Against His Will," No. 303, smiling at us from the "line." It has already been noticed in these columns.

No. 309. "The Hunter's Flask," W. H. Beard's droll gem has also met the same fate.

In No. 310, "The Culprit Fay," Mr. J. F. Weir displays great poetry and imagination, the effect of moonlight is too much forced, however, to render the picture entirely satisfactory.

No. 324. "The Awakened Conscience," by Miss C. W. Conant, is exaggerated in expression but painted with considerable technical delicacy, the effect of sunlight through the cell window is particularly well rendered.

No. 326, "Sunset near Dark Harbor, Grand Manan," by Wm. Hart, is noticeable for the brilliancy of its sky, which is remarkably rich and luminous in color; the rocks, however, are bad, greatly lacking in texture and consistency. The picture has already been noticed in these columns.

No. 327. "Coleridge's Genevieve" is by H. P. Gray, V. P. N. A. is similar to all the other efforts of this gentleman, and is on the "line." Comment is unnecessary.

Oliver I. Lay's "Puzzled Naturalist," No. 330, is sombre in tone and painted with considerable power, but too much exaggerated in expression to be altogether truthful.

Now we pause before Gifford's "Sunrise on the Sea-shore," No. 331; *decidedly the landscape gem of the exhibition*, and richly deserving the position of honor upon the Academy walls now occupied by a large work by a gentleman not wholly disconnected with the Presidential chair. The picture has already been noticed at length in these columns.

No. 332, "The Angel appearing to the Shepherds," by D. M. Carter, and explained by texts from Holy Writ, despite its sacred character is very funny.

The hanging of T. L. Smith's picture "Mid-winter Twilight," No. 333, in its present position is an act of the grossest injustice. Mr. Smith has treated his subject ably, giving us a picture full of the sombre hues of winter, overcoming the difficulties of the subject with consummate skill, and in every way producing a work of poetry, sentiment, and feeling which richly deserves a position somewhat nearer the range of vision.

No. 335. "Borus Lake," by H. D. Martin, has already been noticed at length in these columns.

No. 337. "Venice in Tri-Colors," by C. P. Cranch, is marked by the same imitation of Ziem and forcing of color which characterize all the gentleman's works.

A clever little bit of landscape painting is No. 343, "Study from Nature," by Mrs. Mary S. Pope.

No. 346. "Dorothea," by Geo. C. Lambdin, is exquisitely bad, in color, drawing, effect and expression. What this unfortunate purple woman is doing in this equally unfortunate purple-red wood is a question of considerable interest to the enquiring and scientifically inclined mind.

No. 347 is an excellent portrait of H. T. Tuckerman, by D. Huntington, P. N. A. What a pity it is that men will not remain in their own proper sphere!

No. 352. "Morning Study, Newport, R. I.," by John LaFarge, is noticeable as a piece of pleasant color and nothing more, as it does not, and indeed cannot, lay claim to being a finished picture.

No. 368. "Unpleasant Vicinity," by M. Hidde-man, is a good specimen of the German school,

agreeable in color and finished with great elaboration.

No. 369. "The Musician," is the only work exhibited by E. Vedder, it is good in tone, mosaic in character, the bass viol is very large and the young woman is uncommonly small.

Nos. 375 and 383 are by H. P. Gray, V. P. A., are correspondingly bad and, of course, "on the line."

The only remaining picture worthy of notice in the East Room is No. 382, "The Bridge of Sighs," by C. P. Cranch. Here Mr. Cranch is not quite so Ziemy as usual and gives us a really delightful picture; the sombre walls of the palaces on either side, the moonlight sky, and the strong contrast to it in the lighted touches of the figures in the foreground are admirable. This picture should teach Mr. Cranch a lesson—it is brimful of genuine color, and this without forcing and that exaggeration to which he generally has recourse, and which must always make his pictures nothing more than sensational, utterly false, and, to a great extent, "tricky."

PALETTE

GRAU ON HIS TOUR—FUNNY INCIDENT IN UTICA.—We learn from the *Troy Whig* that the "great impressario," Grau, was in Utica, a few days ago, making the preliminary arrangements for the appearance of the great tragedienne. The company who engaged her desired her to play "Elizabeth," but Grau insisted on "Maria Stuart," being the piece. The following is the dialogue which occurred:

Secretary (to Mr. Grau): Utica people wish to hear "Queen Elizabeth;" they must hear Elizabeth; they are crazy to hear Elizabeth!

Grau—"Can no play Elizabeth in Utica."

Secretary—"Why not? De Vivo, your agent, said we could have what play we wished, and we wish Elizabeth."

Grau—"Dere's just dis leetle teouble. De Vivo no good right to say dat. We nevar, nevar tell him so."

Secretary—(strongly)—"I would just like to make a little inquiry. Why can't Ristori play Elizabeth in Utica? If you have any good reasons, let us hear them. We are reasonable people, etc."

Grau (becoming a little excited)—"Vat a tongue you have. Shust grant me to talk one little minoot, and I tell you vy Ristori can no play 'Elizabeth' in Utica. She play de same in Buffalo, Rochester and Syracuse—tree nights in von week."

Secretary—"Well, supposing she has; why can't she play it here?"

Grau (vehemently and sentimentally)—"You vant to kill Ristori? You vant to see the lovely Ristori die?"

Secretary—"Not much. Aut De Vivo promised us the play we wished."

Grau—"I very much sorry. But Ristori can no play Elizabeth four nights in the week. It would kill Ristori."

It was finally arranged that Maria Stuart should be the play for Utica, and Mr. Grau was further convinced of the necessity of this when he saw the smallness of the Mechanics' Hall stage and the meagre accommodations thus afforded. There were but two dressing-rooms, and Mr. Grau must have five. He must have five.

"Dere must be one for Ristori, two for de ladics, one for de shentlemen and one for the soups, and here you no got but two dressing-rooms? Vat will Ristori do? She must have de five rooms!"

It was arranged that the five rooms should be somehow arranged, and with this Mr. Grau left for New York.